

Late At Night

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Summary: Thoughts late at night...

Late At Night

All Characters copyright of TenThirteen Productions and Chris Carter.
No infringement intended on any part... go ahead, take me to
court...I'm using the insanity defence... heh, heh, heh...

Comments, complaints and just plain talk to sheryl_martin@tvo.org

Rating: G, Vignette...Spoilers: Momento Mori; but not enough that if
you haven't seen it that it'll truly ruin it for you...Summary:
Thoughts late at night...

Late At Nightby Sheryl Martin

I lie awake sometimes at night, wondering at the direction my life
has taken. As a child I had faith in people; in causes - in my
government. But when I grew older and chose my own paths, things were
never as clear as they should have been. The unseen faces behind the
discussions; the consequences of those decisions either ignored or
forgotten except for the blood shed by the people chosen to fulfil
the task at hand.

And I have been on both sides. I have killed; and I have caused good
men and women to be killed for the Truth. The supposed Truth.

But all I can think of right now is Scully.

Of how I am afraid of losing her to the faceless men who invade my
thoughts; my days and nights; my waking moments. Because of all the
injustices I have seen done to man, in the name of freedom or
whatever title is politically correct at the time; the worst is what
they've done to her.

Whoever they are.

The decisions I've made have led directly to this; I'm sure. If I had done things differently, perhaps said something or taken a smoother path... if, if, if...

She's one of the best women I've ever worked with. Actually, the best. Maybe if we had met earlier in my life things might have been different for both of us. But right now I'm so mad that I could kill someone. And it takes a lot to push me to that extreme.

I've thought about it. Grabbing that smoking bastard by his thick throat and choking the life out of him until he gives up what he knows. But I know he won't; the soldier in him taking the secrets to his grave. And even if he talks, he'll lie to get at me one last time. So I have to try other options. Weigh the costs and the benefits. But the hollowness in my stomach tells me that I would agree to any price to keep her here.

There's not too many people in this world I would do that for. But she's earned it. Deserves it.

Deserves a lot better than what we've done to her - her government, her Bureau, me...

I have experienced the paranormal firsthand; I have seen what lies beyond the door of mere sight and sound. Whether I believe it or not, something is out there and she walks amongst it calmly; her faith unshakable in what she chooses to believe and what she chooses not to believe. I wish I had such faith these days.

I wish for a lot of things.

Least of all for Agent Scully to live.

"Assistant Director Skinner?"

"Yes?"

"Agents Mulder and Scully on Line One."

"Thank you."

~The bond that links your true family is not one of blood, but of respect and joy in each other's life. Rarely do members of one family grow up under the same roof.~"Richard Bach -- ~Illusions~"

End
file.